DUTY AND DESIRE

"Well, sonny," said the patient druggist to the small boy who had been hanging about the store for half an hour, eagerly eyeing the candy counter, "do you want to buy some candy?"

"Course I wanter, but I can't—mother sent me ter buy soap."—Kansas City Star.

HER REPLY

He had but recently met an elderly malden lady in a nearby town. On his return home he wrote, asking her ever be able to tango up and down the walls like that. Wouldn't it be fine?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DISGRUNTLED DAD

"I haven't had a satisfactory kiss from my daughter since she was two years old."

"How's that "

"In childhood she always had molasses on her face, and now her make-up is even worse."—Kansas City Journal.

Polk Akers is a dentist in Chicago. "The time for freakish gowns for



Jasen Robards, Utah Theatre Co.

tain Mexican maiden. When her lover grew cold, she gathered all his love letters in a heap, sat in the midst of it, fired it and stoically burned to death upon this unique funeral pyre.—Chicago Times.

SPOILED HIS CHANCE

"Why don't you propose to that girl? You like her and I'm sure she would have you."

"All true, but there is an insuperable obstacle between us."

"All family or religious objections can be overcome."

"Nothing like that, I got a little too gay when I first met her and told her I was getting \$50 a week, whereas i



Miss. Madge West, Ingenue of the Utah Theatre Company

am getting only \$25."—Louisville .

THE ONLY ONE OUT

The man arose and gave his seat to a girl.

"Oh, thank you most kindly, sir," she replied.

"Don't mind her being polite," exclaimed a sad-faced woman. "I'm taking her to a sanatorium."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Scotch clergymen are proverbially long winded, and they also have a way of talking very familiarly to their congregations. A Dundee minis-



ELEANOR HABER
Appearing at the Orpheum Next Week with her Company in "The Office Lady,"
A Clever One-act Play

to marry him and requesting an answer by telegraph. On receiving the letter the lady rushed to the telegraph office.

"How much does it cost to send a telegram?" she demanded.

"Twenty-five cents for ten words," answered the operator, and this was the telegram her suitor received:

IDLE THOUGHTS

"Why are you watching that fly so intently?"

'I was just wondering if men will

women is past," says a fashion journal. In our opinion it never arrived.

The fly has returned. We don't know where he's been all the winter, but it was somewhere where he got nicely rested.

"Burns was a plowboy and Byron a Harrow boy," jestingly remarks an English paper. Correct about George; he was considerable of a rake.

A western paper tells of 'a collision between a freight train and a heavily loaded passenger." When a passenger gets in that condition he should keep off the tracks.

The Mexicans are not without some originality. Take the case of a cer-

